

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 30.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

WHOLE NO. 1,434.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 30 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

THE "PERILS OF THE HOUR."

ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE series of meetings under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society concluded with an annual Festival at Horticultural Hall, on Friday evening Nov. 8. There was a large attendance, the special attraction of the evening being a promised oration by Wendell Phillips, on "The Perils of the Hour." Mr. Phillips spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The hour is one of moment; not only of apparent great material danger to the public, but it is one of which men's opinions are continually divided as to the character of the danger, and the method by which it is to be averted. Of course, in speaking of it I shall have occasion to refer to, and, perhaps to criticize, parties and men. Please understand me, that in all the process of criticism, I have no motive distinct from that of any one of you, and that is to benefit the Republic; to endeavor in the speediest and easiest manner to secure the end which every good citizen has in view. I have no desire to refer to the past, except so far as it will throw light hereafter distinctly in the future. I am sure I have no desire either to wound the feelings or to mar the reputation of any American. The crew on board the ship in the toss of winds do not quarrel. There is no time for quarreling; there is no time for arguing. Every man fit to address his fellow-citizens is not only bound to take it for granted, but his labor is vain unless he can rightly take it for granted, that the great mass of his fellow-citizens have but one, sincere, single-eyed and honest desire, and that is to serve the Republic.

In my contemplation to-day, as in the Summer of 1861, after the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, there should be neither a Republican nor a Democrat. We are all citizens. We have one common desire, and that is to have an united country, prosperous and permanently happy. I take it for granted that every man before me, no matter what his idea may be as to the method; no matter what his preference as to men; no matter what his line of party, has but one central purpose and point, and that is, in the shortest time, at the cheapest rate, in the most effectual manner, to cure the great disease of the Republic, and to make us one again forever. So, whatever I have to say, if in the fervor of the moment I should trespass upon your sympathies, remember it was not intended for anything but to throw light on the path I think the Republic ought to tread. I consider we are to-day in as great danger as in 1861. In the great statesmanlike contest, the civil battle, we stand just where we did then. We have to call on the same loyalty for inspiration and strength. We are to dig down to the same guarantee. Every man fit to have an opinion on this question is bound to base it on the purest principles.

I believe that the idea of American civilization is a single one, the one idea of faith based on humanity, and totally unconscious of parties, of colors and of races, and all other distinctions that are accidental. I believe that the one essential idea, the underlying tendency, the point to which we gravitate is humanity, simply divested of its accidents. It is the corner-stone of the Republic. It was to rise to a noble level, it was to throw off the garnishing of wealth and moral education, not knowing exactly what they came for, that the Puritan and Cavalier, the New Englander and Virginian, came to this coast. They obeyed a great impulse which a very few of them comprehended. They built much better than they knew. It was an apparent exigency of Fortune's, that they went forth, but they were charged by God with a mission which they feebly and imperfectly comprehended: to found a State where every germ of the soil and thought that God trusted to the world should have free and undisturbed space to grow. Feeble were the faltering steps in the dark of that twilight; but a few of our fathers stumbled onward in the foundation of such a State until at last, at the dawning, the whole-souled Jefferson found the sagacity and the courage to enunciate the great principle in words for the first time in the history of the race. He discerned the great law which governed and enwrapped the mind of a continent and immortalized it in that most glorious law which is the first in the Declaration of Independence. All men are free and equal! But the men who enunciated it did not comprehend the principle, could not see its application, would have been unable to reduce it to practice. Like a thousand other instances in history, they stated a truth which they were not broad and powerful enough to practice. So, the old Colonies formed into States, retain still the rags and the sores, the hamperings and the fetters from which they sought to be free. They thought to abolish slavery partially; but all the institutions of New England were crippled by its rule, by the limitation of its wealth. As well might one attempt to breast the mighty current of Niagara, as these exceptional institutions endeavor to dam up the progress of the great idea God launched upon this race to free this continent, and secure His blessings to this land. (Cheers.)

So, then, in spite of ourselves, unconscious, if not reluctant, the race made its way forward. All the time a very few men were conscious of the antagonistic elements wrapt up in the civil life of America. No doubt a few far-sighted men standing on the highlands of thought, saw a conflict like the chaos of Milton, that surged and boiled around them; but the multitude comprehended it not. Mr. Seward touched this point in 1853, at Rochester, before he lost his brains (laughter), when he analyzed the history of the Independence of the American thought, and said our fathers knew well enough; they understood perfectly well that when they acknowledged, not guaranteed, slavery side by side with the great principle of freedom, that they were putting into the Constitution an absolute certainty of conflict. They only hoped—they did not care to expect—they only hoped that the great development of freedom, the normal unfolding of the forces of such morals, would so temper and blot out the exceptional element of slavery that perhaps America would survive, and become an unit without actual bloodshed. That party conflict, intellectual dissensions, moral quarrels, not physical, would be the worst evil that

they would have to endure. That was the ultimate goal, as much as the Fathers dared to hope. In other words, as I once before illustrated it, our Fathers built a cannon, filled its bore half full of anthracite coal at white heat, poured upon it a quantity of powder, and hoped—not expected, but only hoped—it would not burst.

In 1861 the explosion came. The irresistible antagonism of the two ideas could no longer be confined within civil limits. It broke out into bullets, cannon, and vast armies. Then began a different course of American statesmanship; then was shown that God's laws never intermitted their penalties; that you cannot transgress without blinding the moral sentiments. Then when the two classes of men looked at the problem, one said we have learned, seventy years' experience is quite enough. We have decided that these two elements cannot abide side by side peaceably. The other said, No, we have learned no such thing. The old element which at one end of the line, was limited by Buchanan, and which at the other end of the line, touched the centre of the Republican party, felt withering.

We stand to-day only the grandchildren of 1801, when the old Federal element was preserved in the bosom of the Whig party; for the Genesis of ideas is as necessary for our best interest and progress as any other. Hamilton, who distrusted the masses on that side, and Jefferson who believed in nothing, fought to rule the nation; then this dastard party that stole the glorious name of Democrat, and believed neither in God nor man, clutched the hearts of the people. The loss of that incredulous spirit was still apparent in 1861. The conservative element of the Republican party could not and did not believe that the moral sense of the nation was buried. Yet, in the words of our martyr President, it was the duty of statesmanship to save slavery and the nation at the same time. The duty of the magistrate of this land was to save the nation without touching slavery. Thus was lifted the exception into the rule, giving to slavery no recognition but guarantee. Thus was put aside the *habeas corpus*, the right of personal liberty, the marriage institution, and normal elements of Saxon civilization. Any statesmanship would have said, no matter how dark the cloud, the rebellion will cease. Never mind how much protection to slavery, I mean to save this State without destroying the marriage institution; I mean to save civil freedom without destroying the elements that gave it birth. But the error of that statesmanship was that it libelled truth and put fetters on loyalty. It misunderstood the revolution; it slandered 1776 and 1789 by permitting it to go forth, that the constitutional toleration of slavery was a guarantee. On the contrary, the other divergent channel of American thought said this—Ninety-hundredths of American constitutional civil life is liberty. Ninety-nine hundredths out of every one-hundredth in the blood of each true Yankee is equality; and one-hundredth exception is slavery. Therefore, when the State is in danger, when the Republic shrieks out, I have six weapons with which to assail it. By the Army, the Navy, or the wealth. I have the blood, I have the price, I have all sorts of rule, and there lies for slavery a thunderbolt stamped by God at the moment constitutional toleration is needed. It is not only my right, it is my duty as a magistrate to seize it as to endorse it before I spend a dollar or shed a drop of blood. The policy of Washington was, we must bury a half million of men; we must empty the vaults of every bank; we must break the source of every man's industry; and then, at last, in my great grasp, I may take slavery. As a magistrate I have no right to see the moral difference between slavery and freedom. But slavery was not in the Constitution; what we call its compromises were but a film, a mere film; the screen which 1789 put between the monster and the magistrate of the Republic, and said you must not look through that screen. Hidden behind that is a sin and a fault; but with your magistrature's eyes you cannot see it. The language of all our Presidents from Washington down to Polk and Pierce, was, they had no right to look through that screen. But when the first gun was fired at Sumter it shrivelled up. The real power of the people rolled it up like a scroll in the flame; and for the first time in the history of the nation the eyes of the Chief Magistrate had the right to see slavery and the sin which it inflicted. He has the constitutional right, as a ruler and a magistrate, with his right hand on the Constitution.

For the first time in the history of the country the Constitution remanded its magistrate back to nature; and let him see as a President all he could see as a man. When it gave him that right, economy and patriotism and duty to the State, all the blood of our soldier heroes to insure perpetuity and promptness of results, dictated that the first thunderbolt which he hurled at the rebellion should be that which would be sure to kill it, and guarantee peace the moment it was killed. Now, my friends, as I said, there is no use in going back to the past except for the light that flashes on the present. The light thrown on the present moment from the past suggests this:—We stand at the same point of divergence to-day; and it is our privilege and right to bring back the South as she stands to-day, to the great results achieved for freedom, no matter what are the essentials. The divergent line is a thought which says to the nation in the laws of God, whether you like it or not, in the essence of things, whether you see it or not, there is but one permanent corner-stone for the peace of this people; and that is by the present recognition of the glorious results of the war. It is the fact that the negro has on this American continent every right which a white man has. (Cheers.)

Do not think the negro stands here to announce that principle or reject it in behalf of the race you represent; not in the least. The man who has here such a right to-day; the man who has the most right to fold his arms and await the future with the least anxiety; the man who is under the least cloud, is the negro. He is the only man, he is the only race, that, no matter what happens, no matter what clouds and thunderbolts break over us, can see no change that will not be for the better.

I am not just now arguing to the white race of this continent on the ground of duty; there is another argument than that—a selfish one. It is no sort of consequence what your prejudices are; it is no sort of consequence how bound you are to a certain policy. This is an evident thing—that God has not put it within the bounds of possibility that in this generation this Union should be harmoniously reconstructed with a leaving out of the negro. It cannot be done.

You may try it, but it cannot be done. Instead of holding these black men aloof, and keeping the negro at arms' length, every sensible man, with the light of history streaming over his pathway, knows that the white race should be righteous. Thank God, there are four millions of black men south of Mason and Dixon's line who have the right of the ballot! The reason why I say it is

this: It is mere common sense that every man entitled to have that power, who would use it for the cause of the Union, should be entrusted with it. I have no dread, old as I am, I am not dazzled by the mere frippery and furbish of what is called statesmanship. It is all humbug. A man seated in a walnut chair, on green velvet, with ceiling roof over his head, chops logic and calls it policy, which has not begun to advance to the first requisite of being necessary. It is a rule quite general, on the contrary, that every conviction in history you meet outside of the executive and statesman-like intellect of the age. Some men, if they went to Europe to look for statesmanship, would go to the Cabinet of the Tuileries for Napoleon, to London for Disraeli; but in an hundred years, when man hunts up the statesmanship of the nineteenth century, he will go down to the rocky island of the Italian coast, where one man, who knew what his nation needed, and knew how to achieve it, freed and reunited his country. Though, after the name of Garibaldi, should you not be ashamed that your hearts should go with him to the hills of Rome and not be at first shocked to the heart with the utterances of South Carolina and New Orleans. Statesmanship is simply to know what your land needs, and to devise the means for obtaining it. I think the time will come when perhaps amongst the foremost men of our epoch, men will find one whom they knew on the gibbet of Harper's Ferry; for that man knew how to make the consciences of millions awake into life, and to make them aghast at the awful horrors of slavery. There is true statesmanship; but, as I said, look at this subject. Only think of the pulpits of commerce and of literature wherein no one was taught these lessons! It was slavery that stood in the pulpit; it was slavery that distributed the sacramental emblems; it was slavery that edited the *North American Review*; it was slavery that presided over Harvard College; it was slavery that poisoned Chestnut street. Out of the pit you dug up the North. The consciences and the blood of the nation came up for that in torrents and defiled; and is it a wonder that it did not come out unpoisoned at the last?

Here we stand to-day, and the miracle is we were so ready in that call for the right and the true. Doubtless every man is bound to rejoice and thank God to-night when he thinks that if ten years ago I, or any one, had stood on a platform like this, and told you men of Philadelphia you shall live in ten years to see negroes dictate the law in Richmond, and seated in the Capitol of Alabama to form a Constitution for the State, you would have hissed me from the hall and sent me to a lunatic asylum. But to-day we live here to confess that we heartily recognize the permanent stride the nation has made; but there is a limit to it, as when you come to the illustration you must acknowledge.

We have got two elements at the South, black and white. In what mood of mind are they? Well, some men imagine after Antietam, and Gettysburg, and Atlanta, and the surrender of Richmond, and Lee going back to be President of a college, that every Southerner is ripe for Union. They think that a little smoke and half-a-hundred cannon on the soil of Virginia have made the South cower. My friends, if five years will turn the principles of a young and fervent man to the matured conviction of men of middle life, he is not worth the turning. The mistakes of a generation are in that way; history does not show it to be thus. God never calls for the arena of new ideas by this method. God removes great mistakes by His messenger, Death; and when a man's brain is too cold for a new idea, his heart too stiff and tight-bound to come up to any further progress, he gently hides them from the world, and gives room for the new idea to take its place.

Do you think that if Bull Run had been the last battle of the rebellion, that it would have forced Philadelphia into the belief that slavery was right? Do you think that if you were to have Bull Run from the 22d of July, 1861, down to the trump of doom, that it would have ruined the Declaration of Independence? I will tell you, No. That when Gabriel's trumpet sounded you would find Massachusetts crying out, in spite of all, that man was created equal. (Cheers.) And so the same principle exists in the South. Come with me to Georgia, and I will show you a woman whose delicate hands had never done a bit of work until after she was forty years old. She had counted her revenue in her past life at from eighty to nearly one hundred thousand dollars yearly; she gave her husband and two sons to the Confederate army, and they lie under the sod of the rebellion; now she works from early dawn in caring for her boarders that she may thus earn the bread for her children. Do you think such men and women are ashamed of their convictions? Do you think they will likely part with them? We have abolished slavery; we can do it. We cannot abolish the master. If you attempt to restrict him, it will take at least from twenty to twenty-five years to elapse.

You are building on a quicksand. You have got to curb them with iron; you have got to curb them down with granite to make them safe to build upon. I appeal to philosophy; I appeal to common sense. I have no prejudice against Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, and Wade Hampton. I respect them in a certain sense as decided men. Now I know these men as exactly as I know my own impulses. I know that if you had whipped New England back to Plymouth Rock, you could not ever wipe out of her people the principles that her forefathers brought there. That is no compliment to New England; it is just as true of the South. You can never build safely on Beauregard and Hampton and others of that element. I tell you, as a student of history and as a business man, if the South was one homogeneous white race, this Union could not be restored for twenty years; the very circumstance that must be accepted by us is, that there are at the South four millions of a race that can be greatly instrumental in restoring the Union.

Now, then, from that I arrive at my idea of restoration. It is not whether I like negro suffrage or not; it is not whether it may have been the best thing or not. We don't make governments of the best things. I know that negro suffrage would lead to the prompt, reasonable, and quick restoration of the Union. There is no path to it except by negro suffrage; no other men talk in a very specious way of negro equality in South Carolina, and then weak Republicans shrink back and say, I am not in favor of negroizing South Carolina. My dear friends, the question is not what you will do or will not do; the attempt to save it by anything else is like the attempt of 1861 and 1862 to save the Union without touching slavery. Men thought they could do it; that it was their duty to do it; and they tried to do it, burying in the swamps of the Chickahominy the best blood of the nation, and expending three thousand millions of dollars. But God took them by the hand, led them up to the path in which he was willing for them to walk.

In 1863 statesmanship bowed his head, but common sense abolished slavery. In the signs of trouble men are apt to say, Don't you see the good

ship of the republic to be too heavily loaded, and that you cannot swim unless you throw over the cargo of principles? I say it makes no matter what becomes of the hull when the cargo is gone; the only thing before us is to get the idea into the White House which makes the safety of the republic. I know the idea which is finally to guide this nation safely, and the only idea that can do it, is for us to finish the work God has given this nation to do. It cannot be done until a magistrate sits in the White House who is color-blind; till he does not know the colored man from the white man.

Let me say to you one thing which I think is true, and that is all that we gained, if the South comes back into Congress—all that we gained as the fruits of the war we lose if she comes back not in the hands of the negroes—we turn backward in our progress. Don't think me a fanatic—and I am only giving what Sheridan said when in Boston: "Gentlemen, I have met no loyalist in the South that did not have a black skin." (Applause.) When I say any reconstruction that does not bring those whose votes are loyal—and, in truth, loyalty is but a synonym for black—I do not mean a few sprinkled handfuls of white men exceptional to others of the race may be allowed to come in—I mean the State must be based only on loyalty—the point which the nation touches when they come back is the advance point. It will never go beyond it.

Gentlemen, look at the history of legislation, suppose two-thirds of Massachusetts should put a prohibitory law on the statute-book; what is the history of it next year? That large minority comes up into the Legislature, and they file down, and trim down, and pare away, and undermine, and pick to pieces, and muddle, and checkmate the whole of the past legislation. The consequence is that for ten years after that statute gets on its feet its object is almost null. Take the tariff. The merchants put tariff on the statute-book by a large majority and they think the work is done. They are mistaken. For in the next Congress the minority devote themselves to filing away, confusing, muddling, putting the judiciary at the law, constraining the phrases of the statute, mistating, and finally that statute is almost void in attaining the object of its creation. That is the history of legislation.

Let the angry South—the reluctant South—the disaffected South come back to Congress, the history of legislation will be re-enacted upon the statute-books of the country, and in ten years it is confused and undermined. You know this. It will be a most successful effort, you think, if, for instance, the South has given up every hope of retrieving their debt. Why, when the news of the late election in Pennsylvania reached Georgia in official or unofficial testimony, what did the slaveholders do? The late slave-owners made lists of their emancipated slaves, put upon them the price of 1860, got all their documents ready; for what? Simply to file them in Congress some day—and that near, they think—and claim compensation for them. The moment New England sent its returns, and Pennsylvania appeared above ground with its action, their expectations arose, and they await an opportunity to get into Congress. But you say, "Don't fear; they will never do it." Consider a moment. Suppose that South Carolina should send back a delegate to Congress, what would be its first effort—its first practical effort? There would be a bill brought on the national debt—a financial measure suggested to the Secretary of the Treasury—or a bill calling upon the country to pay the Rebel debt. The South would say, "Gentlemen, acknowledge ours and we will guarantee yours." But some of you say, Congress would never allow that—the members would not permit that. Friends, Congress is not made up exclusively of saints. (Applause.) Now and then some black sheep—some wavering, easily won men, by some mysterious accident, truly unaccountable, wriggle into Congress. If we could have the Stevenses, the Shermans, the Sumners, and the Fessendens, men who have been giving bonds for the love they felt for their children, and will leave honored names for their heirs to bear, we should have no such fear. But men wriggle up, nobody knows how, and can be easily led, having no decisive character. Such were the men, when, in 1846, Texas stood at the door, and its scrip-holder said, "Here is a million of dollars worth of Texan bonds, you may have them for five dollars a hundred to-day. You can easily pass measures to have them mature and make great profits." "Ah, here is a business transaction; now we will vote to let Texas in; those bonds will mature, and we will make riches." Suppose South Carolina or Georgia should produce a million dollars worth of paper stuff, and ask simply twenty-five cents currency or five dollars in gold—they would vote right off to have the paper mature, and the million of dollars bought for five dollars—a nice financial scheme, in which lots of money would be made, and the greatness of the South vindicated. They speak to these wriggling parties in Congress, and tell them of the scheme. They say in reference to the introduction of a bill for paying the Confederate debt, its flavor is bad—it savors too much of the South; but the Southern men say, "Well, suppose you compensate us for our slaves set free; give us something—let us trade—let us trade!"

Let South Carolina be compensated for her slaves—the national credit would be depreciated, the bonds would sink, and a voice would come up from the sea-board, from the hundreds of thousands of families, saying, grant anything, but only save the credit. And when the great emergency would seem so near, the people would say, grant anything; and the object of the Southern people would be accomplished. But there never was such a people as ours. They are as true to-day as in 1862; and the warriors of this nation have made up their minds that this epoch is the epoch of justice, and with their trusted leaders they are determined to show it to the world. (Applause.)

The intellect of this great nation is like the intellect of 1862, the molten lava which cries out, "Stamp me with any name, but let it be the name of liberty." They want the world to know that they as a people will make this nation a just nation for all time; and they will do it. This is the condition of the nation. From the action of the Democratic party, the response from Ohio, the Seymours, Pendletons, Vallandigham, Woods, and others, the nation has learned a lesson. What gave us the defeat in Ohio, Connecticut, and the other States? What did this but the action of the Republican party itself, which tore up the programme into fragments, instead of keeping it whole. When, in 1867, it was declared by Congress in the Constitutional Amendment that the necessity of the hour demanded negro suffrage as a national measure, it was sent out as a policy which the nation in its hour of peril demanded—announced by the Republican party as a method to save the integrity and honor of the nation. And if now this great measure is to be stricken away in an hour by men coming from the South, feeling them-

selves endorsed in their rebellious policy—and will delay its workings—I say that we are in the trough of the sea, instead of riding on its waves. And until we set forth by a grand declaration that the measures which the nation adopted in its direct hours shall be upheld, the bonds of this nation—made to sustain the country and to aid in vindicating its honor and power—are in constant peril.

I have had a conversation with a fit representative of a portion of the Southern people; a man with whom I spent a day, born in North Carolina, a Presbyterian clergyman, and a professor in a college in a Southern State, a professor of moral philosophy, and a man who was forced into the late rebellion because everybody went into it, survived and went back to his profession when the war ceased. Having finished the classes in the day time, he went out and taught the negroes in the night time. No sooner did his white students hear of this than they said to him: "Professor, if you teach negroes in the evening, you can't teach us in the day time. Choose!" He replied: "I do choose—the negroes in the evening!" (Applause.) And in speaking of the repudiation of the Southern debt he said—"You made us repudiate the debt, we submitted. You have put it upon record, we have done it too! but if we ever get inside of the walls of Congress, and don't pay every dollar of that debt, or exhaust all our efforts in trying to pay it, we are the veriest scoundrels God ever created." If this is the purpose of a Presbyterian clergyman, professor of moral philosophy, a retired scholar, what do you expect and think of the thousands of people who live in that section of country and the Democratic wire-pullers in that vicinity?

And what effect will all this have on the finances of the country? Don't think I make too much of finance; don't think I dwell too much upon it; don't say I make too much of the debt. Debt is simply a question of dollars and cents in France. Debt is only a question of coin and paper in England. But debt in America is a moral element. What makes the difference between the American mechanic and laborer and the Dutch, French and Italian? This is it. When Saturday night comes to that American laborer, he has a dollar left after buying all necessary for the subsistence of his family—this to have for Christmas, which, when it comes, will find him better off, with something to buy a book, paper, go to a lecture, or in sending his son to gain an education at some academy. This is the great method in which Americans live, every succeeding generation constantly stepping higher. With the German peasant it is a recurring wish that to-morrow may be as good as yesterday. A Yankee never made that prayer. It is with him a prayer that to-morrow may be better than to-day or yesterday; and with the surplus dollar the father came to be educated, and uplifted a stage higher than his ancestors. But this debt lies like poison on American civilization and progress. Would to God that it could be paid up quickly, would to God that it could, without being thrust back by terrible revulsions in the market, because that will cause it to be as a heavy yoke passed around the neck of the American laborer wherever the flag floats. You and I know in that next move of 1868, when the American people are to choose a new inspiration for the next four years—are to launch—we should never do an act to retard the progress of the duty which shall be imposed upon us. You cannot wreck the ship, thank God! Nothing can defeat the great American people. Based on a rock the blood of our fathers cemented—standing firm on the true principles of right, the glorious ship shall float out the storm.

Some content themselves in saying, "Well, it will all be over in twenty years; we will drift along all right." No; God don't rule the world by drifts. Galveston never drifted to Philadelphia; Texas never drifted into Pennsylvania. Galveston may be lifted into Philadelphia; Texas may be mounded into Maryland; but it will be by the earnest work of the men who know and feel what they want by giving their assistance to get it! Races do not move nor drift; you slungards will be lifted by earnest men somewhere. These men in the South will not drift, but they may be elevated. Let the world feel by our action in 1868. Let us put a right idea in the Presidential chair, such an idea as your Thad. Stevens represents. (Applause.) I don't say the man, I don't care anything for man, but I use the name of Stevens as a counter for the idea that he represents; if we put such an idea in the chair, we will gain seventy-five per cent. of what the war has earned. Put McClellan, and you will earn two and a half per cent. Grant, and you will receive forty per cent. I don't care for the names merely, I use them as symbols of the ideas they represent—all I want is to get what the blood has earned.

When I saw those boys go out of Boston—the young men from colleges and schools, the husbands from their wives, sons from their parents, it was a sad day; but sadder still when they came back with weaker ranks and banners in rags, when I saw standing about me those who sat at home and did not record one word or act—word spoken or deed of action to guarantee the terms earned by their soldiers' blood. Remember the disastrous, bloody defeat at Ball's Bluff—when the Germans of the Nineteenth Regiment lost all their officers, and the magistracy of Massachusetts sent down men there. A petition was sent back by the soldiers saying: "Tell them we are here for an idea, and ask that you should put at our head a man that has an idea for which we would be willing to die. And now, that same petition which these Germans sent up to the Governor of Massachusetts—the men that sleep in the swamps of the Chickahominy cry out to you to put into the White House a man for whose policy they would be willing to die.

And now, fellow-citizens, whom does the voice of the nation designate as the man who is to succeed to that position? (A Voice—"Grant!") Yes, Ulysses S. Grant, the great General. Let me say that no man more readily accords him his great military fame than I do. Place him, if you will, among the Wellingtons, Napoleons, and Cessars of history. Lie down at his feet, and thank him that by the cannon and edge of the sword he saved the Republic. When he said to the nation, "I will fight it out on this line, if it lasts forever," he meant it. Is it necessary that we should ask of such a man, who never quits the line he has once adopted, "Sir, on what do you intend to carry the nation?" He is not the man whom you can bring down by a side pressure, and mould him. He is granite. He is vim. It was because he was granite and vim that he carried us safely through Virginia.

But before you sanction for office such an one of iron will, be sure you have the right understanding. But never say—and it is a theory upon which men have their beliefs—Grant's power is his retirement. What is it? It is the symbol of aristocracy. These men sit down at the feet of a man and accept him as a leader, because he does not tell them where he stands. Is this Democracy or Republicanism—is that genuine party interests? What did Calhoun say?—"In this country nothing can be kept secret; nothing that could be kept secret is worth keeping secret," for the genius of our

institutions is publicity and giving it forth to the world. The American people boast now that its leader does not condescend to tell them what he thinks. There are two reasons why a man does not talk. One is that he has got nothing to say; that is not good to make a President of. Another is that he dares not tell what he thinks; that is not good timber to make a President of.

Every one demands that his candidate for office shall declare himself and the principles he maintains. Grant has not made this record equivocal. Gen. Grant is the only great man of the day, every one of whose abilities have been fully endorsed through his reticence, as they say. What is or who is the man, not one of whose actions has ever been known to speak? We know where Stevens, Sumner, Blair, and those men stand. They have declared themselves. We want such men—whose records are as bold as the Declaration of Independence and clear as the North Star. Let him be a Democrat, a Confederate, a Conservative, a disloyalist in the guise of a Democrat—he speaks, his very actions speak, and we know where to find him. Has Grant yet, by word or deed, spoken of where he stands, on what side, or for whom?

I am perfectly well-informed what it is that is going to rule this continent—character. Pledges do not amount to that; caucuses are unworthy the record; platforms are only convenient for certain occasions. What we want must be men of character, men of brains; because in the long run, brains always rule. The divine right of brains, right workings, and a warm heart must rule; and it is such men, with such brains, and such hearts, who should be our leaders. It should be men carved out of the character of brains and character of heart, and in this emergency, when this nation now looks forward to 1868—that great characteristic will prevail in selecting the man—a symbol of a great idea to fill the Presidential chair. If we had known this in 1864, when we sent back a rugged granite man home, and went down into the bloody soil of Tennessee and took up a drunkard, we would not now have had a national disgrace. We want a man whose bias and learning and unconscious gravitation is towards that indispensable radicalism that I have tried to describe.

Take Grant. The President sent him to make a tour through the South, and telegrams flashed back and forth from Washington to New Orleans of a great riot; that New Orleans was the scene of slaughter of patriots, black though they were. I will not impute a dishonorable act to Grant, or his motives in not going to New Orleans during that riot and putting it down, but he ought to have been at the front. He should have been there to vindicate protection to loyalty wherever it existed. Grant's duty was to prove the authority of the government, and to make the streets of Galveston and New Orleans as safe as these. During the great riot the scales hung even in the balance. Johnson, with the power of President, in one, and Sheridan, with the loyal heart, in the other.

Nobody could comprehend why the Lieutenant General was not in New Orleans, and putting his weight into that scale with Sheridan. He should never have done as McClellan, go on board of a steamboat at a safe distance, a dozen miles from the battle. He should have gone into New Orleans, and said to the President, "Interfere with me if you dare (applause); I am military commander of the United States, entrusted and commissioned to make loyalty rule." Had he announced that purpose, and gone to New Orleans, Johnson's scale would have kicked the beam. Instead of that, he went to Chicago—went on a picnic. Think of Wellington sitting in London and told of a riot in Dublin, do you think the "Iron Duke" would have gone to shoot deer? We see men in our national Congress who have stood for long years before the people, having taken a firm, decided stand in the affairs of the nation and a voice to speak. If we had known more of the man who now occupies the office of Chief Executive, and had the admonition contained in the few words spoken by Henry Wilson in a speech delivered in his own native town in 1865—"that he knew that Johnson was a traitor"—the nation would not have been now in such a perilous position.

I was out West, and made my protest against Ulysses S. Grant, and the Republicans said one thing and then another. They placed their backs against the wall and said, "We must follow him, because if we don't, the Democrats will." (Applause.) "If we do not give it to him, he will join the enemy." I don't think there is an infinitesimal homeopathic possibility that in any possible manner Grant could listen for one moment to a Democratic nomination without quitting the Republicans forever. (Applause.)

Now, my friends, you say, "What is the use of talking? It cannot be averted." I don't know that; many a stranger thing has happened than that Grant should not be President. In the next twenty-four months nobody knows what is possible. Throttle that rebel in the White House. Who knows what effect that would have upon Grant's nomination? Men seem to forget impeachment (applause) does not mean merely getting rid of Andrew Johnson. Impeachment is not a barren branch throwing Johnson into the canal. Oh, no! it means a great deal more than that. Impeachment means reconstruction.

Four years ago I said in Boston that if a hundred Yankees, energetic men that build railroads to the Pacific, the men that dot continents with cities, the men that send fleets to the Indies, the men that begin with nothing and die owning a country; Yankee babies who, six months old, look over the sides of their cradles and plan out a pattern—that set of men—if a hundred such could have been trusted with the settlement of this question, they trusted with all the powers of the government, they would have finished it in a year at one-third the price that the nation did it, and give us back the States in 1863, and like a watchmaker selling a watch, guaranteed them to run for a year (applause), and I believe it. I have no doubt of it.

I have a friend in Boston who had a ship repairing at Norfolk. When they fired that Sumter gun, he heard of it. A merchant, sitting on business principles—the largest result in the shortest time, at the cheapest cost—what did he do? Telegraphed down to Norfolk, "Bring my ship north of Mason and Dixon's line whether she is finished or not, no matter what condition she is in so as she will float; bring her into a free State." The captain did it, and saved his boat. The Secretary of the Navy heard that gun, sitting in Washington, surrounded with red tape, files of documents, statesmen from the top of his head to the end of his beard, never did anything, and the rebels took Norfolk and \$3,000,000 worth of munitions of war. I call that merchant a statesman, and I call that Secretary a fool. (Applause and laughter.)

Now, then, I say if these one hundred men had been trusted with the question, they would have settled it on business principles. They would have gone down to South Carolina. They would have said: "There are 390,000 white men; there are 380,000 black men. They are inevitably loyal.

"All Saints" and "All Souls Days." I passed in
zenovia with Mrs. Mary Springstead, an early, well-
known Abolitionist. It was most agreeable to find
clear mind—no mistis and fog about keeping right
as the American Anti-Slavery Society does, with its
till the negro is grounded and established in his cus-
tomal rights of citizenship, which, as Thaddeus
says declares, includes "that suffrage by ballot, which
is due to every being within this realm to whom God
has given immortality; " the great weapon of defence
to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Sloucom Howland gave me a letter of introduction to
Congressman Morgan, at Aurora. I invited him to sub-
scribe for THE STANDARD. He stupidly refused. Said
"Wendell Phillips was denunciatory—could not
He was very proud of telling me he saved Charles Sum-
ner's blood poured on his paper walls, that were in
Sumner's blood poured on his paper walls, that were in
the Senate Chamber at the time of that outrage. I said,
"O yes, I knew he was the gentleman who first reached
Mr. Sumner in that degraded hour, that act made him

immortal away up in Maine, down in little Rhode Island, out West in Ohio and Michigan, wherever I travelled, *Aurora* was only known and cared for as the residence of the man who rescued Charles Sumner! And Mr. Sumner, welcomed and loved THE STANDARD!

Mr. Morgan thinks Grant will be the next Republican nominee, as "the available man." I said I should think nominees, as "available" men—Andrew Johnson was their last "available man." Mr. Morgan thought it essential the party should be kept together. His style of head and manner suggested Sir Leicester Dedlock.

A CARD.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Festival of the Friends of Freedom, cordially return their thanks to the young ladies and gentlemen who gave their services as attendants at the refreshment table on the evening of the Festival, and to all persons in the city and country who contributed to the table, in aid of its preparation. The Committee cannot attempt to record the names of all who kindly shared their labors, but they would acknowledge the valuable contributions and efficient help received from Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey, No. 1233 Locust st.

Also donations of provisions or assistance from Mr. J. J. Lyon, Caterer, Addison st.

Mr. Levi Cromwell, Caterer, 237 Dock st.

Mr. Henry Tobias, Caterer, 205 Dean st.

Mr. Joseph W. Johnson, Confectioner, 801 South st.

Mr. Matthias Johnson, Watson's Alley.

Mr. James G. Augustin, Caterer, 1105 Walnut st.

Mr. John F. Durham.

Mr. Henry Minton, Caterer, 204 So. 12th st.

Messrs. Koffer and Stout, Confectioners, 613 Spring Garden st.

Mrs. Fisher, Pine st., below 10th st.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones, Caterers, 250 So. 12th st.

Mr. George W. Brown, Restaurateur, 407 So. 10th st.

Mr. Wm. Ingram, Tea Dealer, 43 So. 2nd st.

Messrs. B. C. Knight & Co., Grocers.

Messrs. B. C. Thomas, Flour Merchant.

Mr. Wm. B. Osborn, 1123 Rodman st.

Mr. James Page, Restaurateur, 1035 Locust st.

Mr. John W. Page, Restaurateur, 1714 Addison st.

On behalf of the Committee, MARY GREW.

CARLYLE'S SHOOTING NIAGARA; AND AFTER!

NO. I.

THOMAS CARLYLE, whose position and reputation I need not attempt to describe, recently gave his readers on both sides of the Atlantic a very remarkable paper. It bore the title, "Shooting Niagara; and After!" The topics which it introduced were grave enough, touching altogether vitally the most significant of human relations—whatever in the welfare of mankind may demand thought and effort. The doctrines inculcated, the conclusions commended, are as astounding as they are characteristic.

The present age is, according to Mr. Carlyle, marked by tendencies avary and frightful in the extreme. Everything, in itself and in its relations, he regards and pronounces out of joint. Those whom Heaven had anointed as rulers have lost their authority, and those whom Heaven requires to serve are struggling for positions to which they are ill-adapted. And matters are growing worse and worse. And how soon they will be precipitated over the cataraet whose influence is drawing them down stream more and more powerfully, who can foresee? And then who can describe the catastrophe?

In his paragraphs Mr. Carlyle assigns to the negroes if not an enviable, certainly a prominent position. He certainly makes very free with whatever may characterize them as negroes. In a style the most peremptory and dogmatic, he describes what he affirms was the Creator's design in giving them a place in the sphere of humanity. In terms unqualified and emphatic, he assigns to them what he represents as their natural position in the human family. The tendencies of all efforts to improve their character and condition he attempts to illustrate, and in a way betraying the fullest confidence in his ability to dispose of any such problem whenever and however presented. To explain and confirm his doctrines, he proposes an experiment of the most comprehensive and vital bearings on the welfare of mankind.

In one all significant respect Mr. Carlyle shows himself ill-qualified to give counsel respecting the manner in which the claims of the negroes should be treated. He acknowledges, in a way remarkable enough for a philosopher, that they are "Men and Brothers," and then betrays a total want of the human and the fraternal in his regards for them. In the coldest blood and with overweening assurance, he affirms that "the Almighty Maker has appointed them to be servants." Both the white man and his black "brother" are urged, as they would escape "Heaven's curse," to adjust themselves to this "preappointment," to take mutually towards each other the attitude of owner and slave! While saying this—the words still on his lips—he describes what he most contemptuously calls "the nigger question," as one of the smallest. There was no occasion, even in this country, to think, to speak, to act, to make any stir whatever about the matter; for essentially "the nigger," as the blackguard philosopher styles him, was already in the right "position." And yet, according to him, "half a million of excellent white men, full of gifts and faculty, have silt one another into horrid death," to emancipate "three millions of blacks," and for no better reason than that they were "men and brothers!" Through such representations, equally false and cruel, Mr. Carlyle manifests his regard for those whom he describes as "men and brothers!"

We assume a false position towards any members of the human family whom we may refuse to treat fraternally. They are our brothers; a primal ordinance of nature requires us to regard them characteristically as they are—to adjust ourselves to them according to the relations which mutually bind them and us together. To refuse to do this, is to give ourselves up to the control of falsehood. It is to welcome a lie to the heart, to mingle itself with the life-blood. A lie thus admitted and cherished, cannot but exert a characteristic influence on everything human in any man, whether he be a philosopher or a peasant. Falsehood will qualify his thoughts, his affections, his purposes, aims, hopes, and methods. At the false position he has assumed he will see and hear and describe and treat everything falsely within the sphere where the lie cherishes claims and place and authority. Is he worthy of respect and confidence here in any judgment he may pronounce, in any conclusion he may commend? He deserves to be driven from the stand as a false witness.

Such manifestly is the attitude in his relations to the negroes which Mr. Carlyle has assumed. While with an ill-disguised contempt he pronounces them "men and brothers," he vehemently urges all his readers to deny them the prerogatives and privileges which indubitably belong to all mankind. He betrays, ridiculously betrays his hatred of the negroes, in the very vulgar name in which he describes them. In this he gives sympathy and countenance to the lowest blackguards and ruffians. With a lordly strut he tramples under foot the claims of the negroes. While he admits that mischief, irregularities, injustices did probably abound about "Nigger and Bucks," and that they cannot manage what he describes as a preappointment of Heaven "without many wise laws and regulations and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience," he dismisses, contemptuously dismisses what he is pleased to call the "nigger question," as one of the smallest. The spirit he thus breathes involves a fore-reader. It is grossly and cruelly inhuman, unfitting him utterly to sit in judgment on the character and claims of any portion of the human family—a matter never to be lost sight of in studying and estimating the paragraphs of this remarkable production.

BERNARD GREEN.

APPEAL FOR A BUILDING FUND FOR THE NEWBORN'S LODGING-HOUSE.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The public are aware that for thirteen years the Children's Aid Society has been sustaining and carrying on, through the aid of individual contributions, a large Lodging-House for new-born and other street urchins.

During this period 323,458 lodgings and 194,303 meals have been furnished these urchins, of whom the whole number lodged is 49,310. In this sum \$14,739.74 have been deposited by the boys in the Savings Bank of the

Rooms, and \$14,739.74 have been paid by them towards the expenses of the Lodging-House. In the last year alone, there were lodged 8,192 different boys; 49,519 lodgings and 33,633 meals were furnished. The number of orphans thus aided was 2,926, and of half-orphans, 3,904.

The object of the Institution is to shelter, instruct, and thus elevate this interesting and unfortunate class of children. From the Lodging-House, the Society sends the boys forth to places in the country, or near the city. Thousands of boys have thus been saved from thievery and a vagabond life, and have become useful citizens.

The present rooms of the Lodging-House are not sufficiently large or commodious for the numbers of boys brought to them, and they are liable at the beginning of any year to be taken from the Society, when it would be extremely difficult to lease others in that quarter of the city.

The Trustees are deeply impressed with the importance of making this beneficent charity permanent, by procuring a proper building for it. There will always be homeless boys, for whom some such provision must be made, while the city continues. They wish to provide a building which shall be a *Sanctuary* and a *Home* to the homeless lad, wandering friendless through the great city; where he can find friends, and receive instruction, and put on the pathway to a better life. Surely no person could spare something from his daily luxuries for a better purpose than thus to found a permanent Lodging-House for street-boys. The necessary fund—at least \$50,000—cannot be raised unless each individual who has sympathy for poor and homeless children shall feel a responsibility in doing his part toward making it up.

Donations for this object may be sent to J. E. Williams, Treasurer, Metropolitan National Bank, or to Wm. A. Booth, President, 95 Front street, specifying the object; or directly to the office of the Children's Aid Society, No. 8 East 4th street, room 11.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

HOUSEHOLD FOES.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. O. B. PROTHINGHAM,

PREACHED IN NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

"A man's Foes shall be they of his own Household."—*Mat. x. 36.*

THEY shall be? Were they not then? Had they not been always? Are there not reasons why they must be? It may seem a very strange and bitter thing to say, but these words of Jesus, which were perfectly true in his own case, express a truth so broad and general as to be almost universal. There is a sense, and a very genuine and sweet sense, in which the members of the household are our dearest friends. They are warm friends of our physical estate. They are our friends here when other friends fail. They stand by us when but for them we should fall. They help us when we are weak, aid us when we are poor, nurse us when we are sick, shelter us when we are old, comfort us when we are miserable, defend us when we are attacked, vindicate us when we are wronged, gather about us when we are abused, magnified and evil treated; on them we have a claim that is never denied, except in those rare cases that are branded as inhuman. But this household friendship, deep, close, tender, constant as it is on all ordinary occasions, under the usual accidents of life, is oftenest found to fail in those emergencies which befall the real manhood of the man. When this asserts itself, the members of the household, instead of being the man's friends, are found among his foes. It should not be so. Least of all in what concerns the rational and moral being should domestic hostility be felt; most of all in what concerns the rational and moral being should domestic friendship be cordial and persistent. Of all persons in the world, the members of the household should be the last to throw an impediment in the way of one's improvement, to place an obstacle in the path of one's development, to discourage the honest efforts of the mind to enlarge the sphere of its thought, to make harder the task of conscience, or to lay an ounce of added weight to the burden that oppresses the soul. If there be any place where a man or woman may be sure of sympathy in his noblest purposes, that place should be his home. If there be any people to whom one may go in absolute certainty of being strengthened for every good endeavor and work, those people should be his kindred—the father who has given him birth, the mother who bore him, the brothers and sisters who are of the same blood, the wife whom he has chosen to be his partner through life. And yet, unfortunately, it is precisely at this point that the household friendliness is apt to fail. It will do anything for the outer man; it will do little or nothing for the inner man. One of our greatest reformers has a perpetual fountain of inspiration in his wife. She is an invalid—never leaving her house—scarcely ever leaving her chamber. She requires a great deal of care. She is glad of sympathy and companionship; but she sends him off on his errands of labor, and when he comes back tired, worn, dispirited, she cheers him for another effort. She is his invigorator, his counselor. She will not let his courage droop, his heart sadden, his faith falter, or his hope grow faint. His life has been one of sacrifice to the most unpalatable cause of the century; but she it is who has made the sacrifice to be a never-ceasing joy. So it should be; but so, how seldom it is! The household is a conservative institution. It represents the past, not the future. It is ruled by habit and routine. It has inherited beliefs and traditional practices. It is jealous of its rights and privileges. It loves to keep its members close within its walls, and dislikes to have them stray off, even in thought, from its enclosure. It resents as apostasy any departure from its accustomed ways.

A daughter well grown and mature in mind wishes to live an independent life. She has tastes to be enjoyed, talents to be exercised, work to do, a place to fill. There are people outside to whom she is drawn by sympathy of mind and feeling. She looks out and sees opportunities that her whole reason bids her to accept. By following the impulse, not of her waywardness, but of her faith, of her genius, she is sure that she should be not happier merely, but larger, better, more useful. Why cannot she be and act herself? The people at home will not let her. Her father declares that she does not know what she wants, or is fit for. She wants what he thinks she ought to want. She is fit for what he desires of her, to play to him on the piano after dinner. Her mother is jealous of everybody who gains a particle of her interest, or gives her what she herself cannot give. Her sisters wonder why who cannot be content at home as they are, and consider themselves insulted because she devotes time and thought to things which they disapprove. Her wish to lead a self-centered life is pronounced rebellion against the family, and no pains are spared to baffie her plans. She has no foes but those of her household; and there, all are her foes. She cannot move without facing them; she cannot act without encountering them; she cannot strike without wounding them. If she comes off victorious in her battle, it must be by laying them low.

A son is moved by his conscience to take a stand for what he deems the right in some cause unpopular. It is always hard enough to do this. The unpopularity makes a host of enemies among outside acquaintances, that are not to be despised. The conflict in one's own private breast is severe. But more formidable than the legion of enemies outside and the legion of doubts inside, are these beloved ones at home. Harder to face than the opposition of one's own selfish desire, is their rebuke, or warning, or persuasion. For they are with him always; he sleeps beneath the same roof; he breaks bread with them; he loves them. They have a hold on him by the blood in his veins. They have a strong feeling in his heart, which his heart begs him not to storm too furiously. As often as he lifts his arm against these foes, filial and paternal love presses it down. As often as he opens his mouth against them, a tender reverence bids him shut it. He cannot despise them, for he has been taught to give them honor; he cannot pass them by, for they are his own; he cannot deal hardly with them, for in a thousand ways they have shown him kindness. What can he do? If he is a hero, he can quietly assert himself, trusting that in time they will understand him, and, if they do not offer him their support, will, at all events, abate their opposition. If he is not a hero, in a multitude of cases he will do nothing but suffer, and bleed and die in the most precious part of him.

This household hostility a bitterest in proportion as the interests at stake are vital. More souls have been slain by these foes of the household than by all the weapons of the enemy. Let a new faith dawn on a young mind, a new thought of God, a new idea of the immortal life, a new notion of Christ, a new conception of human nature and human destiny, a new belief in regard to the ends and aims of existence, and in the vast multitude of cases who are they that do their best to prevent the rising of the light? Not the controversialists who argue, not the sectarians who oppose, not the dogmatists who shout Infidel or Atheist, not the preachers who hold out the menace of divine wrath against unbelief; but these loving, grieving, praying ones at home, who cannot bear the thought that one of their blood should disown the faith of his fathers. Their weapons are aimed not at the intellect, but at the heart. They are prayers, and appeals, and beseechings, and tears. Every other enemy can be met by assertion, by reasoning, by the moral dignity of the personal will. But these there is no meeting except by faith in God. The obstacles to be surmounted or pushed aside are composed of reverence, pity, affections. There is a sort of *impity* in the warfare that *piety* must wage. The soul walks to its triumphs over the dead bodies of its loves. We should not complain of this. It is natural; in most instances it is unavoidable. It would not do, perhaps, for the old faith to offer no resistance to the new, which it can neither appreciate nor comprehend. But it is the occasion of those saddest of all tragedies from which we suffer. The old faith ought to make every effort to understand the new, and affection ought to be able to do affection's best work where it is most needed, and will be most welcomed, namely, in aiding and blessing the soul. Soul charity is the most needed charity on earth. And of that, alas! there is least where there should be most, at home.

But we must not give to our thought too narrow or superficial an interpretation. These household foes are not confined to those who live with us in the same *house*. They are within ourselves. Each man's bosom is a household, and there are the foes he will find hardest to overcome. "He was his own worst enemy," it is often said of some poor creature who has ruined himself by folly or by vice. Had he any other enemy than himself? Are not the bosom foes the *only* stubborn, the *only* deadly ones? The battle begins far back before a household is formed.

Here is one who should be largely useful, a center of beneficence; he has means, he has health, he has leisure—nothing to do, none to care for, a full life of time and opportunity, a position ready made, friends to bless, kindred to make happy, neighbors to aid. Every day of his life presents a chance to do some kindly, good deed. He does not do it; he will not do it; he cannot do it. There seems to be some inseparable difficulty in the way of his doing it. What is the difficulty? It is not in fortune; it is not in circumstances. These all make it easy; these all invite; these all say, "here your happiness is." The foe is in the breast. It is love of ease, that will not let him put himself out even to serve a brother or sister or child. It is love of comfort, that absolutely forbids incurring the smallest inconvenience in behalf of anybody else. It is love of money, which makes it a downright impossibility to draw a little out of a full purse, even when reason, affection, conscience, duty, suggest and require it, and make it easier to bear the imputation of meanness than to do a generous act. It is love of the most miserable self-hood, of self, which closes all the windows, and bars all the doors, and bolts all the gates, and shuts the person up within himself, forbidding all outgoing of desire or purpose, compelling refusal to all friendly demands, counselling indifference to all solicitations, little by little drawing in the mind till it lives on itself like a load in winter, keeping far from want of exercise, and subsisting on the air that creeps into the dungeon from crevices in its rocky prison. Foes in the household—the man's foes are there, the woman's foes are there, and the worst of it is that they do not seem to be foes at all, but the very choicest of friends, who are doing their kindest all the time to make the creature snug and comfortable. But for these, the man might be a man and the woman a woman. These so effectually defeat and kill manliness and womanliness, that you really wonder why the person gets up in the morning, or thinks it worth while to put on his clothes.

Every grand instinct meets its deadliest foes here at the threshold of existence, in the hour of its birth. Even the strong instinct which leads to the planting of homes and the rearing of families, the instinct which is the root of all human relations, the preserver of the race from actual death, finds its foes in the same suggestions of personal ease that render it so difficult for the members of the household to allow a departure from its old ways. Othello speaks a word out of a bachelor's heart when he says, almost regretfully:

"But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unbowed free condition
Put into circumspection and confine
For the sea's world."

Why share with another what I may just as well keep all for myself! Why tie myself down to a single establishment when I may be a citizen of the world! Why buy food and raiment for two instead of one! Why spend on children what I might spend on books, pictures, clothes, dinners, horses, travel! Why burden myself with domestic cares, or deliberately take on myself to think of half a dozen of people! These bosom foes make very serious opposition to human well-being, precisely where that well-being is most sacred and most sensitive. Society, it has been said lately, is suffering from a diminution in the number of marriages. Young people do not marry as early as they did in other days. There is a marked falling off. Families consequently are smaller, population does not increase as it should. It does not keep up to the mark of vigor and tone. Several times earnest men have raised the cry of alarm, partly on the ground that births do not keep pace with deaths, partly on the ground that the diminution in the number of marriages is accompanied by a fearful amount of demoralization in the community, owing to illicit and promiscuous intercourse between the sexes. Here is an evil that, in proportion as it extends, undermines the very basis of civilized life, an evil that saps the strength and the virtue of the community. Who are its abettors? Who are the foes of social virtue to this vast extent? They are chiefly these bosom foes of luxury. The young people cannot be married because they cannot begin where their parents leave off, because they must *forgo* something; they must live in a smaller house, and keep fewer servants, and have a less dainty table, and dress with less elaborate elegance, and ride in a stage instead of a carriage, and abandon the hope of competing with their fashionable friends in evening entertainments. Let this enemy be overcome, and other enemies will lay down their arms without striking a blow; *all other* foes may become friends, all other obstacles may be helps, all other difficulties may be amusements. Marriage lives on cares, is gladdened by troubles, is made gay by vexations, is enriched by economies, is sweetened and dignified by sacrifices. These things make the institution what it is. But for these it would have no high social or moral significance. These make it the nursery of manhood and womanhood—the school of character. These create that wonderful structure of all precious materials, which we call a home, through the instrumentality of which God brings his mightiest and sweetest grace to bear on the hearts of his children.

But let the home be built, straightway the foes appear in it, and begin with the same old persistency to debauch the man. He must have everything now for his wife and children. Charity begins and stops at his threshold. They must have all there is; conscience, heart, humanity must have nothing till they are satisfied—and as they never are satisfied, as they crave in proportion as they receive, conscience and heart and humanity in the majority of instances get nothing. The poor can have no home; the poor have no home; the poor have no shelter. The shelterless have no roof because these have their eyes on a house in the fashionable quarter. The hungry may have nothing for their table because these must entertain their friends with costly suppers. The country in its hour of need holds out its hand—family expenses allow no margin for patriotism. The church holds out its hand—family expenses leave nothing to spare for the needs of faith. Literature, art, science, culture hold out their hands—family expenses are so numerous and so heavy that these aesthetic claims of the intellect must be put by—so the man dwindles. These insidious foes kill one by one his interests, his sympathies, his tastes, his accomplishments. Unless he is very strong, unless he insists upon it that he will do justice to his intellectual nature—unless he will do it too, for this applies to the wife as well as to the husband—we see that most unfortunate of mortals, a mere family man—or family woman, whose family affection is at once their strongest and their weakest part, the steadiest of their habits, but also the narrower

of the feelings, the nurse of their egotism and conceit. For such the household is full of foes, dearest and direst. Husband and wife are conspirators against one another's nobleness; children are foes to parents, parents are foes to children; the mother is against her daughter, and the daughter is against her mother. All are against that true manliness and womanliness which is the honor and pride and worth of existence. All are leagued with that false domestic conventionalism which spoils so many good patriots, good citizens, good neighbors, good friends of human rights and liberties, good believers and servants of the faith. Enlarge the household and you do but alter the aspect of the foes that infest it. Make it a collection of families, make it an order, a class, a circle—the man's enemies are there; they make him an aristocrat, a conservative, a bigot, a snob, a flunkey. He no more dares to think, or feel, or plan, or work out of that charmed circle to which he belongs, than the girl does outside the parlor where she receives visitors—in fact, all the manhood he has turns against him and tears him to pieces. They make him what is popularly called a gentleman; that is, a person who cannot use his hands to work with, or his feet to walk with, who cannot breakfast before nine o'clock or dine before six, or wear a soft hat or go un-gloved, who cannot greet any who are beneath him in rank, or read a Radical paper or belong to a Radical club, or entertain opinions that are not accepted in the best circles. He is humanity turned toposy-turvy. Fine, high-bred, courteous, polished, generous, magnanimous, chivalrous, but all this in the interest not of his manliness but of his gentleness. Henry James says that the complete gentleman is the complete devil.

Enlarge the household, but still you do not expel the foes. Let it be a State instead of a class or an order—there will be a State selfishness that is as fatal to the man's manliness as the ordinary family selfishness is. I am very sure we have found this out. Our foes in the great war we have just come through, were foes of the household. The Confederate leaders could not be loyalists, could not be Unionists, could not be Americans, could not be honorable, oath-keeping men, could not be friends of the largest Idea, because they were Virginians, or Carolinians, or Georgians. Pride of State forbade their thinking, feeling, or acting as they would have done if put upon their simple manhood. There must be no disloyalty to the State, no backwardness in the service of the State. The laws of the State, however barbarous, should be sustained; the institutions of the State, however rude, must be defended; the civilization of the State, however backward, must be justified; the honor of the State, however tarnished, must pass unchallenged. It is wonderful to think how much sensibility, and generosity, and courage, and devotion, and chivalrous faith under the action of this miserable perversion of principle, was turned sharply round into hostility to these very qualities rightly understood. The very manliness of the man became the man's worst enemy; his very nobleness the foe of his nobility; his very high-mindedness the betrayer of his humanity; his very chivalry was in league against his honor; his magnanimity committed suicide.

At every step in life foes of the household appear. It is always some personal or local interest that makes war against justice, charity, duty. The fury of the strife always rages about that point in the bosom where the bosom sin has planted its banner. Three great struggles are going on in our communities, on the issue of which hangs the immediate destiny of our peculiar civilization. One is the struggle between temperance and intemperance, the other is the struggle between the democratic and the aristocratic ideas of suffrage, the third is the struggle between free trade and protection. On all these fields the battle looks wild and confused. Friends and foes seem mingled together hopelessly, weapons fly about aimlessly, blows are struck at random. But when we put aside the incidental considerations, and looking through the mist, get glimpses of things as they are, we seem to discern with some clearness, that the battle is waged ultimately between the man on the one side and his household foes on the other. The man says: I am a rational being; all men are rational beings; their rationality is coincident with their manliness. Rationality has no more instant foe than intemperance. Everything manly in us rises up to say, "The cause of temperance is the cause of the Republic; it is the cause of order, and law, and peace; of economy, and industry, and health. It is the cause of every father and mother, of every brother and sister, of every boy and girl, of every infant child in the land. It is the cause of all who value the home, of all who prize intelligence, and affection, and goodness; of all who set store by personal truth and honor. Into such a cause the real manliness of all manly men throws itself enthusiastically." What are the deadliest foes this manliness has to encounter? There is no foe but the miserable passion for the stimulant that lurks in the blood. Whoever allows that foe to hold his position, with any degree of force, holds his sword at the breast of this great manliness, as it presses forward to its work of regeneration. Whoever puts that foe beneath his feet, ranks himself with the manliness as it presses onward. Friend of prohibitory legislation he may or may not be, advocate of license he may or may not be, but friend and advocate of abstinence he is to the end—a cordial ally to those who are for bringing all the forces of morality to bear on the safety of the Republic. The victory over that one foe will ensure the victory of his whole manhood. That enemy subdued, he will think like a man, feel like a man, act and work like a man for that which to all manliness is unutterably dear, the rescue of the human from the bestial.

Again. The man says: All men have the same human rights that I have. Humanity is of no color or race or sex; of no clime or condition—it is simply human. All share it who have intelligence and conscience; all share it in common with duties and responsibilities; all share it in common with powers and trusts. Whoever understands the conditions of his own manhood, understands the conditions of all manhood. Whoever feels his own humanity, concedes that of his neighbors. Why, then, was impartial suffrage defeated all through the West lately? What foes thwarted the people's manliness? It was not fear of black supremacy; it was not a misgiving as to the black qualification; it was not question of the logic of black rights. Go to the bottom of the matter, press into the citadel of opposition, and you find that the second deadly foe was pride of race. It was the white man's inherited loathing of the black man; the humanity of the people, their logic, their conscience, their kindness, their sense of justice, were all held at bay by that one adversary, who has entrenched himself behind a prejudice of rock.

Or again. The man says: The earth and its products belong to all who live on the planet; the race is a family on the globe. It is my duty to take the largest view of human relationships. I am bound to believe in the full correlation of human interests. My reason pledges me to the faith that the principles of free trade would, in the long run, equalize power, distribute wealth, promote good feeling between States and populations, overcome jealousies and mistrusts, and in a hundred ways advance the cause of peace between nations. The idea of free trade is fascinating to the reason and faith of men. It appeals to the moral sentiments; it almost touches the religious sense. What is its worst opponent? On this side its worst opponent is probably the private interest that is invested in wealthy monopolies. On this side I say—on this side of manliness, on this side of human sentiment and equity and charity. As an economical question the battle is fought on economical grounds. Then selfishness confronts selfishness—household foes with household foes contend; the humanity does not come in. But when the humanity does come in on one side, there is nothing to meet it on the other but this old enemy of selfishness.

Alas! no enemy is so fierce, so implacable as that; no strife is so desperate as that which the man in us carries on with the beast in us—with the fiend in us. It is the strife that draws heart's blood, and wars, and the most direful of wars, because the foes are members of the same household. The nearer the love, the nearer the hate. The closer the bond, the heartier the antipathy. Family feuds are the most hopeless feuds. On the same principle the conflict one wages with himself is more ferocious than any other. John Bunyan, under the impression that he was guilty of the unpardonable sin, went into the blackness of despair. Madame Guyon tore her flesh with thorns, lashed her shoulders with iron-pointed whips, walked with flints in her shoes, and seasoned her food with assafoetida, thinking to subdue a rebellious mind.

No foe makes such havoc as these foes of the household. The household divided against itself falls. The man who is divided against himself kills himself. Every blow he strikes at his opponent tells on his own person; every wound he inflicts on his assailant makes his own heart bleed; every drop of blood he draws exhausts his own being. Whichever way the battle goes—for his virtue or against his virtue—the result is disastrous to him. For if his virtue conquers, then the passions, which are a part of his nature, and a most vital part too, are bruised and weakened, so that the man for the rest of his life is a pale, haggard, cheerless, bloodless, and, very possibly loveless and unlovely cripple; and if vice conquers, then, for the rest of his life, he is an animal disgusting and shocking, a manly form destitute of a manly soul. No outward enemy can hurt a sound heart. You may fight and fight desperately, and all your days. You may fight against poverty, against the elements—frost, fire, air, ocean—against physical infirmity, against ill fortune, accident, disappointment, loss, defeat. You may fight against the bear, the lion, the leviathan of the deep. You may fight against man in the competition of business, in the struggle for wealth, power, place, yet, for life on the battle-field, so long as the heart is sound, so long as there is no foe in that inner household, you cannot be hurt in your manhood; the battling will do you good, you will be stronger for every encounter, your enemies will be your best friends.

The Greek myth tells that when Hercules, after death, was introduced into the circle of the gods on Mount Olympus, he passed by Minerva, and even the supreme Jove, who had always befriended him, and made obeisance to the vengeful form who had persecuted him remorselessly from the very day he was born. The deities gazed at one another in surprise, and a murmur ran round the assembly; but the hero said: "To Jove, first of all, I owe my thanks, for it was his enmity that made me what I am; by giving me the foe I conquered; to her I owe my place among the immortals." This same Hercules came safely through all his labors, what from conflict to conflict, and from strength to strength, drew into himself the power of the monsters he conquered, and the courage of the giants he slew. But his misters one day, to recover his love, gave him the Centaur's shirt, which, the moment it warmed to his body, sent a subtle poison into his blood. The hero, in his great agony, tried to pull it off, but it clung to him like his skin, and as he wrenched it from him, pieces of the flesh came with it. It was an enemy he could not strike with his club or pierce with his arrow; the more fiercely he grappled it, the more frightfully he suffered, till at last he was forced to lay down and die. Nothing degrades like battle with household enemies; for that is the soul turning vengefully on itself and gnawing at its own vitals; and the more directly it bites, the more fatally.

I have described the household foe under many aspects. I have shown him opposing manliness and womanliness at home, binding conscience and killing faith. I have shown him withstanding all the endeavors of the person to be kind, generous, interested, sympathetic. I have shown him warring against the divine institution of marriage, contesting the claims of strangers to courtesy, aid and good will. I have shown him plotting treason and ruin against the nation. I have shown him organizing to defeat the great causes in which human kind are interested. I have tried to make you see that under all these forms he was the same thing, namely; selfishness, the love of the animal nature as opposed to self-love, which is the love of the rational nature. That is the foe of the household, the foe of all manliness, of all human faith, hope and charity.

I know no way of conquering him except by the steady and persistent culture of that same charity, hope and faith. The Beast will not crumh till the Man appear in which manliness is rooted.

De Tocqueville says: "In a democracy, it is of supreme importance that the people be encouraged to look forward to a distant future, that the aspect of a broad horizon, and the feeling of extended relationships, and the thought of crowding and magnificent interests may counteract the tendency to petty personal materialism which demoralizes." The remark goes deep. It is only by cherishing the great sentiments that dignify existence, the grand truths that fill the imagination, enlarge the reason, exalt the feelings, enchant the heart, that we get the better of the miserable demons that infest the bosom. Nothing less than the majesty of God, the vastness of humanity, the power of peace, of an eternal world, will avail to bind and cast into the pit the smallest bosom foe that infests us. Let the angel of a pure charity appear, and the arch fiend is already prepared for the abyss. In Guido's great picture of Michael chaining Satan for a Thousand Years, the angel is described as a fair youth, with smooth limbs, a soft countenance, bright sunny hair, a movement as light as a maid's. His descent from heaven is not a falling through the air, but a floating in it. Yet beneath his airy tread the huge, tawny, fire-breathing fiend crouches and sinks like a worm. So let the angel of a pure charity appear, and the arch fiend will already be prepared for the abyss.

LITERARY.

The *Christian Examiner* for November presents a series of unusually interesting papers. The first, and one of the best, is upon Frances Power Cobbe, by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn. The account given of Miss Cobbe and her works will be read with special interest by her numerous friends and admirers on this side of the Atlantic. Through her interest in and co-operation with Theodore Parker, as well as through her own books, she has become widely known to American readers. Miss Cobbe was born in Dublin in the Autumn of 1822. "Her future leader and inspirer, Theodore Parker," says Mr. Chadwick, "was at that time a boy of twelve, wonderfully studious, making the most of the Latin Dictionary he had purchased with the proceeds of his huckleberries the August previous, the firstling of that flock of books he shepherded so well." Mr. Chadwick continues: "Miss Cobbe is sometimes spoken of as if she were merely a follower of Theodore Parker, a sort of spiritual viceroy to that hero in the lists of thought. But had this been her relation, to him she would not have understood him—would not have been as she has been thus far, the best of his interpreters. It takes a hero to comprehend a hero. Miss Cobbe is not a mere follower of Parker, but a contemporary growth, and for this very reason she has comprehended him so well, or rather apprehended him; for who has yet comprehended the breadth and altitude of that great-hearted man?" Of her several works, "Intuitive Morals" is characterized as the greatest. The criticism of this, as of the others, is carefully considered and kindly appreciative. The paper concludes with a pleasant personal notice of Miss Cobbe. She is described as "large; her face full of expression; her brow very beautiful; her eyes luminous, rather than flashing; her mouth flexible, and quivering with wit, humor, and a power of sarcasm which seldom appears in her writings." She has immense animal spirits; is eminently a magnetic person, "a very genial, suggestive, and exhilarating talker, without pedantry or flatteratry." Her "influence is of the very noblest sort, because she is a woman—never so completely anything else as she is that; never losing in the sweep of her attainments, the peculiar charm which indicates her sex. And more than anything else in her—

"The ever womanly draweth us on."

Other noticeable papers in the present number of the *Examiner* are "Bunsen's Egypt," by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, the result of much careful study; "Woman on Modern Culture," by K. Tiffany; and "Woman in Public Life," by W. R. Alger.

Mr. Horace B. Fuller, of Boston, has purchased *Merry's Museum*, which will henceforth be under the editorial management of Miss Louisa M. Alcott.

Gail Hamilton has a book in press, which will be issued next month, with the title of "Woman's Wrongs."

STORIES AND SKETCHES OF FRANCE AND ITALY. By Grace Greenwood. With illustrations. 291 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is one of those juvenile books which will interest also "children of a larger growth." It is a simple but fascinating description of some of the chief places of interest in France and Italy, as they appeared to the author fifteen years ago. Brief and appropriate narratives of the leading historical events associated with

these places are very happily interwoven with the record, and add much to the interest and value of the book.

AMONG THE BIRDS. A Series of Sketches for Young Folks, Illustrating the Domestic Life of our Feathered Friends. By Edward A. Samuels. 223 pages. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

A glance at this neatly bound and fully illustrated little volume, assures us that the author has admirably succeeded in what he tells us in his modest preface, was his modest endeavor—"To weave among the woof of facts regarding our most familiar birds, their habits and peculiarities, a warp of romantic fancy; believing that such will be more attractive than plain and consequently more technical descriptions." We congratulate our young people that they are favored with this opportunity to gain a knowledge of ornithology under the guise of pleasure. We trust such books will be multiplied, and that instruction in other departments may be thus simplified and rendered attractive. It is a method that cannot be too highly commended.

The *Phrenological Journal* for December contains 17 portraits of distinguished men, with their biographies—George Peabody, President Woolsey, Elias Howe, Oliver Cromwell, Rev. Dr. Worcester, Chauncy Giles, Abiel Silver, J. R. Hibbard, James F. Stuart, J. C. Ager, W. B. Hayden, and others. The Sultan of Turkey, and a Glance at his Empire; Our Social Relations; the Paris Exposition; Unmarried; What shall We Do with Old Maids? History of the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian Church; Saints and Sinners; and much other instructive matter. A new volume begins with the next number. \$3 a year. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

RECEIVED.

CHRISTMAS STORIES AND SKETCHES. By Boz, Diamond edition of Dickens's works. 500 pages, with illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. By Mrs. R. H. Davis. 350 pages, illustrated. New York: Sheldon and Company.

"OLD JOHN BROWN."

And then the humble poor will come,
In that far distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave,
They'll brush the leaves away ;
And gray old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine-tree shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes,
Where old John Brown was laid.

Though accomplishing a great amount of mental labor, Mr. Smith is very regular in his habits of physical exercise. His custom is to walk from three to five miles daily. On one of these occasions it was our privilege to join him for a ramble over his improved lands. It was then he explained

Buckle, even more systematically and laborio-

been remarkable, but more to the advantage of the children than to his own. It was at this time that Mr. Alcott perceived the value of conversation, and very soon he entered upon the profession, as it were, of public talker, and removed his residence to Concord. Holding public conversations from

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